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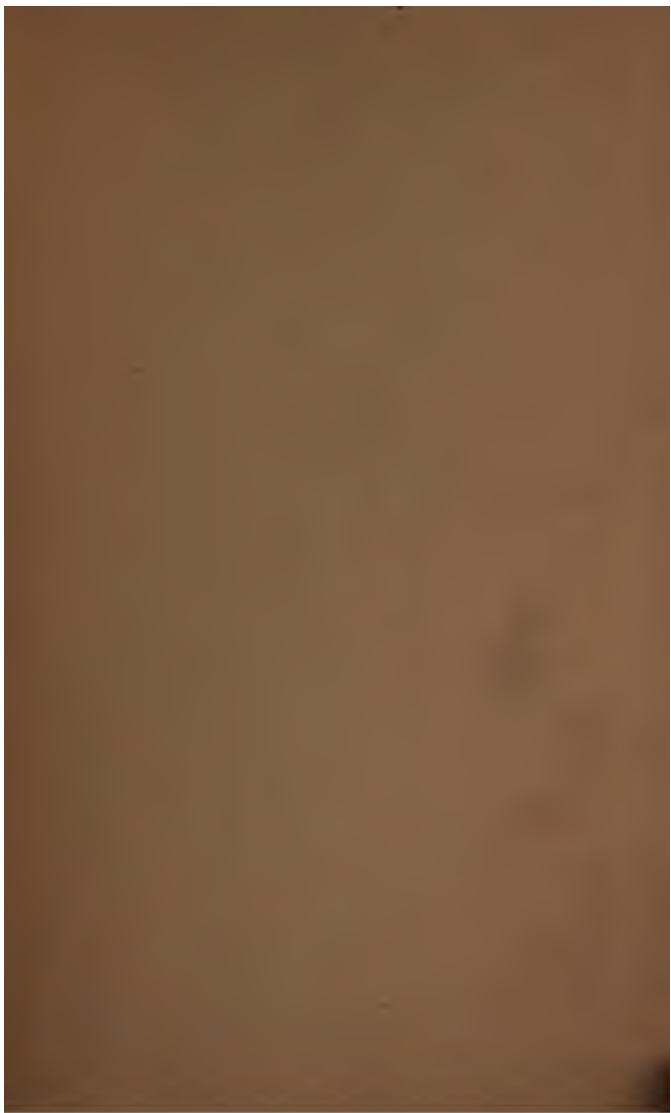
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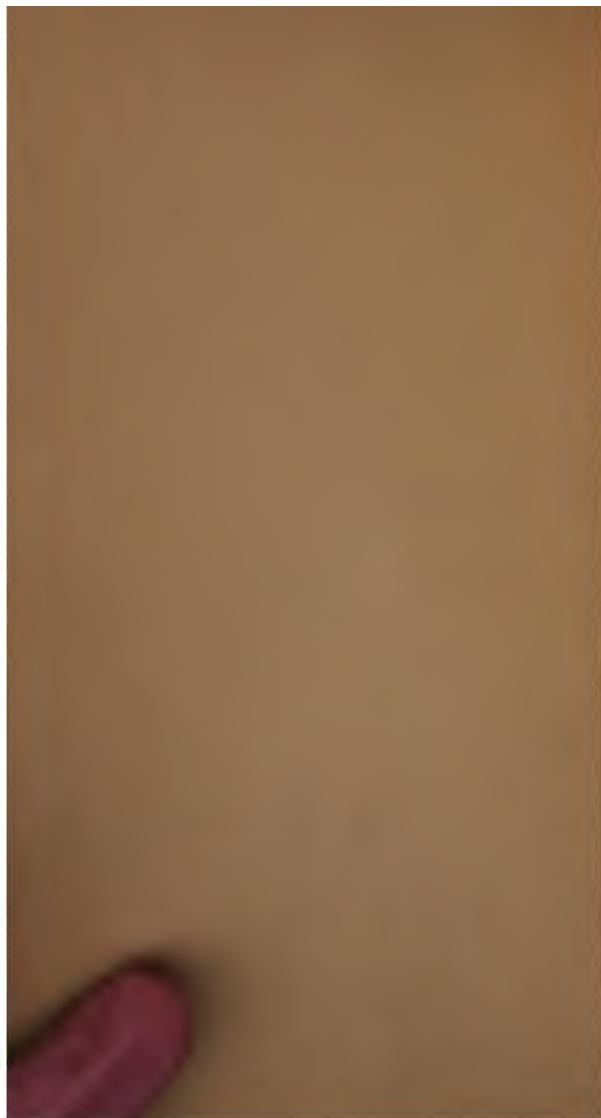
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THE BEQUEST OF
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January 19, 1923







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The Shepherd's Pipe

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Sir Richard Fanshawe

From the engraving by E. Harding
after the painting by Sir Peter Lely

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The
Shepherd's Pipe
*Pastoral Poems of the
XVI & XVII Centuries*

Selected and Arranged by
FitzRoy Carrington

*“ Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore.”*

Horace: Epode ii.



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New-York
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JAN. 19, 1923

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Published September, 1903

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To
Charlotte and Harold and Phyllis
this little Book is
Dedicated

Preface

“I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness, as that one which I have had always that I might be Master at last of a small house and large Garden, with very moderate conveniences joyned to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of Nature.”

Abraham Cowley to John Evelyn.

To the Reader



HIS little book, begun to please myself, was finished in the hope that it might please you also. If, kind Reader, you should find herein poems which like you not, pass them by and dwell on those which pleasure you more. Love determined my choice, and must excuse such faults as you may find; therefore be not over-hasty in your censure inasmuch as I have omitted songs which, in your opinion, it were well to have included, but consider rather the slenderness of this volume, and the variety of choice flowers of fair poesie which are presented to you; pastoral lyrics chosen from bucolic poetry of an hundred years, most meet for the solace of those all-too-short hours which you may chance to pass in haunts remote from that great hive, the City; shepherds shall pipe to you of their happy state and of their loves, of sweet content, of quiet days, of sound-sleep-bringing nights; the lyric lark shall sing his matins at your window, the nightingale shall chant her sad vespers as the moon rises, full-orbed, behind

those myrtle-groves which have sheltered you from the noonday heat of the sultry sun, whilst the harmonious charm of birds sang madrigals for your delight ; fair Quiet and her dear sister, Innocence, shall be of your company, and if, perchance, the sad strains of a dirge, sung by his fellow at Lycid's laureate hearse, reach your ears, you shall, ere long, be comforted by the care-charming melody of a Hymn to Pan or, with Robert Herrick, shall awake his sweet slug-a-bed Corinna, and invite her forth a-Maying.

I have spread before you such fare as I love best, and have bidden you to the feast. If you will be of my company you shall have hearty welcome ; if simple country pleasures move you not, I care not for your censure. Farewell.

FitzRoy Carrington.

Oriente Cottage,
Mamaroneck, New-York,
May 29, 1903.



Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

From the engraving by Dean
after Holbein

The Shepherd's Pipe

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

(1516-1547)

Description of Spring, wherein each thing
renews, save only the Lover

The sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale :
The nightingale with feathers new she sings :
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale :
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale :
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings :
The fishes float with new repaired scale :
The adder all her slough away she slings :
The swift swallow persueth the flies small :
The busy bee her honey now she mings :
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale :
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

The Means to attain Happy Life

Martial, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these, I find.
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground ; the quiet mind ;
 The equal friend, no grudge, no strife ;
 No charge of rule, nor *gouvernance* ;
 Without disease the healthful life ;
 The household of continuance ;
 The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
 True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress ;
 The faithful wife, without debate ;
 Such sleep as may beguile the night ;
 Contented with thine own estate,
 Nor wish for Death, nor fear his might.



Nicholas Grimald

(1519-1562)

The Garden

The issue of great Jove, draw near you, Muses nine :
 Help us to praise the blissful plot of garden ground so
 fine.

The garden gives good food, and aid for leach's cure :
 The garden, full of great delight, his master doth allure.
 Sweet sallet herbs be here, and herbs of every kind :
 The ruddy grapes, the seemly fruits, be here at hand
 to find.

Here pleasans wanteth not, to make a man full fain ;
 Here marvellous the mixture is of solace and of gain.
 To water sundry seeds, the sorow by the way
 A running river, trilling down with liquor, can convey.

Behold, with lively hue, fair flowers that shine so
 bright :

With riches, like the Orient gems, they paint the
 mould in sight.

Bees, humming with soft sound, (their murmur is so
 small)

Of blooms and blossoms suck the tops, on dewèd
 leaves they fall.

The creeping vine holds down her own be-wedded
 elms ;

And, wandering out with branches thick, reeds folded
 overwhelms.

Trees spread their coverts wide, with shadows fresh
 and gay ;

Full well their branchèd boughs defend the fervent sun
 away.

Birds chatter, and some chirp, and some sweet tunes
do yield ;
All mirthful, with their songs so blithe, they make both
air and field.

The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the sprite ;
From heavy hearts all doleful dumps the garden chaseth
quite.

Strength it restores to limbs, draws and fulfils the
sight ;

With cheer revives the senses all, and maketh labour
light.

O, what delights to us the garden ground doth bring?
Seed, leaf, flower, fruit, herb, bee, and tree, and more
than I may sing.

From "Tottel's Miscellany."



Nicholas Breton

(1545-1626)

Worldly Paradise

Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green balk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies,

See the morning sun arise ;
 While he hears in every spring,
 How the birds do chirp and sing :
 Or, before the hounds in cry,
 See the hare go stealing by :
 Or, along the shallow brook,
 Angling with a baited hook,
 See the fishes leap and play
 In a blessed sunny day :
 Or to hear the partridge call
 Till she have her covey all :
 Or to see the subtle fox,
 How the villain plies the box ;
 After feeding on his prey,
 How he closely sneaks away,
 Through the hedge and down the furrow
 Till he gets into his burrow :
 Then the bee to gather honey,
 And the little black-haired coney,
 On a bank for sunny space
 With her forefeet wash her face :
 Are not these, with thousands more
 Than the courts of kings do know,
 The true pleasing spirits sights,
 That may breed true love's delights ?

From "The Passionate Shepherd."

The Shepherd's Welcome to Aglaia

At shearing time she shall command
 The finest fleece of all my wool :
 And if her pleasure but demand
 The fattest from the lean to cull,
 She shall be mistress of my store :
 Let me alone to work for more.

My cloak shall lie upon the ground,
 From wet and dust to keep her feet :
 My pipe with his best measure's sound,
 Shall welcome her with music sweet :
 And in my scrip some cates at least
 Shall bid her to a shepherd's feast.

My staff shall stay her in her walk,
 My dog shall at her heels attend her :
 And I will hold her with such talk
 As I do hope shall not offend her :
 My ewes shall bleat, my lambs shall play,
 To show her all the sport they may.

Why, I will tell her twenty things,
 That I have heard my mother tell ;
 Of plucking of the buzzard's wings
 For killing of her cockerel,

And hunting Reynard to his den
For frightening of her sitting hen.

And I will tell her such fine tales,
As for the nonce I will devise :
Of lapwings and of nightingales,
And how the swallow feeds on flies ;
And of the hare, the fox, the hound,
The pasture and the meadow ground.

And of the springs, and of the wood,
And of the forests and the deer,
And of the rivers and the floods,
And of the mirth and merry cheer,
And of the looks and of the glances
Of maids and young men in their dances :

Of clapping hands, and drawing gloves,
And of the tokens of love's truth,
And of the pretty turtle-doves,
That teach the billing tricks of youth.

From "The Passionate Shepherd."

In Time of Yore, when Shepherds dwelt

In time of yore, when shepherds dwelt
Upon the mountain rocks ;

And simple people never felt
 The pain of lovers' mocks :
 But little birds would carry tales
 'Twixt Susan and her sweeting,
 And all the dainty nightingales
 Did sing at lovers' meeting :
 Then might you see what looks did pass
 Where shepherds did assemble,
 And where the life of true love was
 When hearts could not dissemble.

When "yea" and "nay" was thought an oath
 That was not to be doubted,
 And when it came to "faith" and "troth,"
 We were not to be flouted.
 Then did they talk of curds and cream,
 Of butter, cheese, and milk ;
 There was no speech of sunny beam
 Nor of the golden silk.
 Then for a gift a row of pins,
 A purse, a pair of knives,
 Was all the way that love begins ;
 And so the shepherd wives.

But now we have so much ado,
 And are so sore aggrieved,

That when we go about to woo
 We cannot be believèd ;
 Such choice of jewels, rings, and chains,
 That may but favour move,
 And such intolerable pains
 Ere one can hit on love ;
 That if I still shall bide this life
 'Twixt love and deadly hate,
 I will go learn the country life
 Or leave the lover's state.



Barnaby Googe

(1540-1594)

Of Ingratitude

The little bird, the tender marlyon,*
 That useth oft upon the Lark to prey,
 With great reproach doth stain the mind of man,
 If all be true that writers of her say.

For she a creature maim'd of Reason's part,
 And framed to live according to her kind,
 Doth seem to foster reason in her heart,
 And to aspire unto Diviner mind.

* merlin.

When hunger's rage she hath exiléd quite,
 And supped well as falleth for her state ;
 The silly† Lark doth take by force of flight,
 And hies to tree whereas she lodgéd late ;

And on the trembling bird all night she stands,
 To keep her feet from force of nipping cold ;
 Th' amazéd wretch within her enemy's hands,
 And closéd fast within the clasping hold

Awaiteth death with drowsy drooping heart,
 And all the night with fear draws on her life.
 The gentle bird when darkness doth depart
 Doth not deprive the silly soul of life,

Nor fills with her her hungry, eager breast ;
 But weening well the service she hath done
 To spill the blood her nature doth detest,
 And from so great a crime herself doth shun.

She lets her go ; and more, with steadfast eyes
 Beholds which way she takes with mazéd flight,
 And in those parts that day she never flies
 Lest on that bird again she chance to light.

Lo, Blundston, hear how kindness doth abound
 In silly souls where Reason is exiled ;

† simple.

This bird alone sufficeth to confound
The brutish minds of men that are defiled

With that great vice, that vile and heinous crime
Ingratitude, (which some Unkindness call) :
That poison strong that springeth still with time,
Till at the length it hath infected all.

Coridon's Complaint

Menalcas. A pleasant weather Coridon, and fit to
keep the field,
This moon hath brought, heard'st you the birds
what joyful tunes they yield?
Lo : how the lusty lambs do course, whom spring-
time heat doth prick,
Behold again the aged ewes with bouncing leaps do
kick ;
Amongst them all what ails thy ram to halt so
much behind,
Some sore mischance hath him befall'n or else some
grief of mind,
For wont he was of stomach stout and courage high
to be,
And lookéd proud amongst the flock, and none so
stout as he.

Coridon. A great mishap and grief of mind is him be-
 fal'n of late,
 Which causeth him, against his will, to lose his old
 estate.
 A lusty flock hath Titirus, that him Dametas
 gave,
 Dametas he, that martyr dead, whose soul the hea-
 vens have ;
 And in this flock, full many ewes of pleasant form
 do go,
 With them a mighty ram doth run, that works all
 wooers woe.
 My ram, when he the pleasant dames had viewéd
 round about,
 Chose ground of battle with his foe and thought to
 fight it out.
 But all too weak, (alas) he was, although his heart
 was good,
 For when his enemy him espied he ran with cruel
 mood
 And with his crooked weapon smote him sore upon
 the side,
 A blow of force that stayed not there but to the
 legs did glide,
 And almost lamed the wooer quite, (such haps in
 love there be :)

This is the cause of all his grief and wailing that
you see.

Menalcas. Well, Coridon, let him go halt and let us
both go lie

In yonder bush of juniper: the beasts shall feed
hereby.

A pleasant place here is to talk: good Coridon
begin,

And let us know the town's estate that thou re-
mainest in.

Coridon. The town's estate? Menalcas, oh thou
mak'st my heart to groan,

For Vice hath every place possess'd and Virtue
thence is flown.

Pride bears herself, as goddess chief and boasts
above the sky,

And Lowliness an abject lies with Gentleness her
by.

From "Eglogs, Epytaphes and Sonettes.
Newly written by Barnabe Googe."



John Upl

(1534-1600)

Spring's Welcome

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?

O! 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.

"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
 And still her woes at midnight rise.
 Brave prick-song ! who is 't now we hear ?
 None but the lark so shrill and clear ;
 Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
 Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note ;
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
 "Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring !
 "Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring !

From "Alexander and Campaspe."

Syrinx

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
 Though now she's turned into a reed ;
 From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
 A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb ;
 Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
 So chant it as the pipe of Pan :
 Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
 With faces smug and round as pearls,
 When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
 With dancing wear out night and day ;
 The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,

When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy ;
 His minstrelsy ! O base ! this quill,
 Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
 Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
 That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

From "Midas."



Edmund Spenser

(1552-1599)

The merry Cuckow, Messenger of Spring

The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
 His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
 That warnes al lovers wayt upon their king,
 Who now is comming forth with girland crowned :
 With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
 Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
 That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
 As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
 But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
 No word was heard of her that most it ought ;
 But she his precept proudly disobayes,
 And doth his ydle message set at nought.
 Therefore, O Love ! unless she turne to thee
 Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

Colin Clout's Complaint

A shepheards boye, (no better doe him call,)
 When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
 All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent :
 So faint they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
 That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
 For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while !)
 May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke ;
 Well couth hee tune his pipe and frame his stile :
 Tho to a hill his faynting flock hee ledde,
 And thus him playnde, the while his shepe there
 fedde.

“Yee Gods of love, that pitie lovers paine,
 (If any gods the paine of lovers pitie,)
 Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
 And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie :
 And, Pan, thou shepheards God that once didst love,
 Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

“Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath
 wasted,
 Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight :
 Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted

Thy sommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight ;
 And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
 Thy mantle mard wherein thou mas-kedst late.

“Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
 My life bloud friesing with unkindly cold ;
 Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,
 As if my yeare were wast and woxen old ;
 And yet, alas ! but now my spring begonne,
 And yet, alas ! yt is already donne.

“You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
 Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
 And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
 In stede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre ;
 I see your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
 Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

“All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
 My timely buds with wayling all are wasted ;
 The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare
 With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted ;
 And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
 As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

“Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
 Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,

Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill gouvernement,
 Thy maysters mind is overcome with care :
 Thou weake, I wanne ; thou leane, I quite forlorne :
 With mourning pyne I ; you with pyning mourne.

“ A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,
 And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee :
 Yet all for naught : such sight hath bred my bane.
 Ah, God ! that love should breede both joy and
 payne !

“ It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
 Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit ;
 His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
 His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
 Ah, foolish Hobbinol ! thy gyfts bene vayne ;
 Colin them gives to Rosalind againe.

“ I love thilke lasse, (alas ! why doe I love ?)
 And am forlorne, (alas ! why am I lorne ?)
 Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
 And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
 Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
 And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

“Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;
 And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
 My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou should;
 Both pype and Muse shall sore the while aby.—
 So broke his oaten pype, and down dyd lye.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe
 His wearie waine; and nowe the frosty Night
 Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:
 Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
 Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
 Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to
 weepe.

From “The Shepheards Calender—Januarie.”



William Byrd

(1538-1623)

The Home of Content

In crystal towers and turrets richly set
 With glitt’ring gems that shine against the sun,
 In regal rooms of jasper and of jet,
 Content of mind not always likes to won;
 But oftentimes it pleaseth her to stay
 In simple cotes enclosed with walls of clay.

From “Psalms, Songs and Sonnets.”

John Mundy

The Blackbird

In midst of woods or pleasant grove,
 Where all sweet birds do sing,
 Methought I heard so rare a sound
 Which made the heavens to ring.

The charm was good, the noise full sweet,
 Each bird did play his part ;
 And I admired to hear the same,
 Joy sprang into my heart.

The blackbird made the sweetest sound,
 Whose tunes did far excel,
 Full pleasantly, and most profound
 Was all things placèd well.

Thy pretty tunes, mine own sweet bird,
 Done with so good a grace,
 Extolls thy name, prefers the same
 Abroad in every place.

Thy music grave, bedeckèd well
 With sundry points of skill,
 Bewrays thy knowledge excellent
 Ingrafted in thy will.



Sir Philip Sidney

From the engraving by George Vertue
after the painting by Isaac Oliver

My tongue shall speak, my pen shall write
 In praise of thee to tell ;
 The sweetest bird that ever was,
 In friendly sort, farewell.

From "Songs and Psalms."



Sir Philip Sidney

(1554-1586)

To a Nightingale

The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
 Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
 While late-bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth
 Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making :
 And, mournfully bewailing,
 Her throat in tunes expresseth,
 What grief her breast oppresseth,
 For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.
 Oh, Philomela fair ! oh, take some gladness
 That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness !
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
 Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth !

Rural Poesie

O words, which fall like summer-dew on me ;
 O breath, more sweet than is the growing bean ;
 O tongue, in which all honied liquors be ;
 O voice, that doth the thrush in shrillness stain,—
 Do you say still, this is her promise due,
 That she is mine, as I to her am true.

Gay hair, more gay than straw when harvest lies ;
 Lips, red and plump as cherries' ruddy side ;
 Eyes, fair and great, like fair great ox's eyes ;
 O breast, in which two white sheep swell in pride,—
 Join you with me, to seal this promise due,
 That she be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou, white skin, as white as curds well prest,
 So smooth as sleekstone, like it, smooths each part ;
 And thou, dear flesh, as soft as wool new drest,
 And yet as hard as brawn made hard by art,—
 First fower but say, next fower their saying seal,
 But you must pay the gage of promist weal.

From "The Countesse of Pembroke's 'Arcadia.'" "

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke

(1554-1628)

Myra's Fickleness

I, with whose colours Myra dress'd her head,
 I, that ware poesies of her own handmaking,
 I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
 By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking :
 Must I look on, in hope time coming may
 With change bring back my turn again to play ?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
 A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers,
 Which I to wear about mine arms was bound,
 That each of us might know that all was ours :
 Must I now lead an idle life in wishes ?
 And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes ?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
 I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
 I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
 I, who did make her blush when I was named :
 Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go
 naked,
 Watching with sighs, till dead love be awakèd ?

From "Caelica."

Thomas Lodge

(1555-1625)

The Solitary Shepherd's Song

O shady vales, O fair enrichèd meads,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountains;
O painted flowers, green herbs, where Flora treads,
Refreshed by wanton winds and wat'ry fountains.
O all ye wingèd choiristers of wood,
That perched aloft your former pains report,
And straight again recount with pleasant mood
Your present joys in sweet and seemly sort.
O all you creatures, whosoever thrive
On mother earth, in seas, by air, or fire,
More blest are you than I here under sun:
Love dies in me, whenas he doth revive
In you; I perish under beauty's ire,
Where after storms, winds, frosts, your life is won.

From "A Marguerite of America."



George Peele

(1558-1598)

Flora's Welcome

Not Iris, in her pride and bravery,
 Adorns her arch with such variety ;
 Nor doth the Milk-white Way, in frosty night,
 Appear so fair and beautiful in sight
 As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
 Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-coloured flowers.
 Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide
 That at the bottom do in silence slide,
 The water-flowers and lilies on the banks,
 Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks ;
 Under the hawthorn and the poplar-tree,
 Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be,
 The primrose and the purple hyacinth,
 The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth,
 The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
 Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green ;
 And round about the valley as ye pass,
 Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass :
 That well the mighty Juno, and the rest,
 May boldly think to be a welcome guest
 On Ida's hills, when to approve the thing
 The Queen of Flowers prepares a second spring.

From "The Arraignment of Paris."

Cupid's Curse

Ænone. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair
 As fair as any may be,
 The fairest shepherd on our green,
 A Love for any Lady.

Paris. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be,
 Thy Love is fair for thee alone,
 And for no other Lady.

Ænone. My Love is fair, my Love is gay,
 And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
 And of my love my roundelay,
 My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
 Concludes with Cupid's Curse ;
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated)
 { Fair, and fair, &c. }

Ænone. My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,
 My Love can many a pretty thing,
 And of his lovely praises ring
 My merry, merry, merry, roundelays.
 Amen to Cupid's Curse :

They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated)
 { Fair, and fair, &c. }



Robert Greene

(1560-1592)

The Shepherd's Wife's Song

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
 Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
 And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:
 Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curds as doth the king his meat ;
 And blither too,

For kings have often fears when they do sup,
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :

 Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
 As is a king in dalliance with a queen ;

 More wanton too,

For kings have many griefs affects to move,
 Where shepherds have no greater grief than love :

 Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
 As doth the king upon his beds of down ;

 More sounder too,

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :

 Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
 As doth the king at every tide or sithe ; *

And blither too,

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
 Where shepherds laugh and love upon the land :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

A Mind Content

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;

The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest ;

The cottage that affords no pride nor care ;

The mean that 'grees with country music best ;

The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare ;

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss ;

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

From "The Farewell to Folly."

* time.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex

(1567-1601)

Happy were he could finish forth his fate

Happy were he could finish forth his fate

In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
From all society, from love and hate

Of worldly folk, there might he sleep secure ;

There wake again, and give God ever praise,

Content with hips and haws and brambleberry,
In contemplation passing still his days,

And change of holy thoughts to make him merry.

That when he dies, his tomb might be a bush,

Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

From "Certain Verses."



Henry Constable

To his Flocks

Feed on, my flocks, securely,

Your shepherd watcheth surely ;

Run about, my little lambs,

Skip and wanton with your dams,

Your loving herd with care will tend ye.

Sport on, fair flocks, at pleasure,

Nip Vesta's flow'ring treasure ;



Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex

From the engraving by Jacob Houbraken
after the painting by Isaac Oliver

I myself will duly hark,
 When my watchful dog doth bark ;
 From wolf and fox I will defend ye.

From "England's Helicon."



Michael Drayton

(1563-1631)

The Description of Elizium

A Paradise on earth is found,
 Though far from vulgar sight,
 Which with those pleasures doth abound
 That is *Elizium* hight.

There in delights that never fade
 The Muses lullèd be,
 And sit at pleasure in the shade
 Of many a stately tree,

Which no rough tempest makes to reel
 Nor their straight bodies bows ;
 Their lofty tops do never feel
 The weight of winter's snows.

In groves that evermore are green
 No falling leaf is there,

But Philomel (of birds the Queen)
In music spends the year.

The merle upon her myrtle perch
There to the mavis sings,
Who from the top of some curl'd birch
Those notes redoubled rings.

There daisies damask every place
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud Phœbus hides his face
Themselves they scorn to close.

The pansy and the violet here,
As seeming to descend
Both from one root, a very pair
For sweetness yet contend ;

And pointing to a pink to tell
Which bears it, it is loath
To judge it, but replies, for smell
That it excels them both ;

Therewith displeased they hang their heads,
So angry soon they grow,
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw.

The winter here a summer is,
 No waste is made by time,
 Nor doth the autumn ever miss
 The blossoms of the prime.

The flower that July forth doth bring,
 In April here is seen,
 The primrose, that puts on the spring,
 In July decks each green.

The sweets for sovereignty contend
 And so abundant be,
 That to the very earth they bend
 The bark of every tree.

Rills rising out of every bank
 In wild meanders strain,
 And playing many a wanton prank
 Upon the speckled plain,

In gambols and lascivious gyres
 Their time they still bestow,
 Nor to their fountains none retires
 Nor on their course will go :

Those brooks with lillies bravely deck'd,
 So proud and wanton made,

That they their courses quite neglect
And seem as though they stayed

Fair Flora in her state to view
Which through those lillies looks,
Or as those lillies leaned to show
Their beauties to the brooks ;

That Phœbus in his lofty race
Oft lays aside his beams
And comes to cool his glowing face
In their delicious streams.

Oft spreading vines climb up the cleeves *
Whose ripened clusters there
Their liquid purple drop, which drives
A vintage through the year :

Those cliffs whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits
Which make continual summer glad,
Ev'n bending with their fruits ;

Some ripening, ready some to fall,
Some blossom'd, some to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich princely room.

* cliffs.

Pomgranates, lemons, citrons so
 Their laded branches bow,
 Their leaves in number that outgo
 Nor room will them allow.

There in perpetual summer's shade
 Apollo's prophets sit
 Among the flowers that never fade
 But flourish like their wit ;

To whom the Nymphs upon their lyres
 Tune many a curious lay
 And with their most melodious quires
 Make short the longest day.

The thrice-three Virgins, heavenly clear
 Their trembl'ing timbrels sound
 Whilst the three comely Graces there
 Dance many a dainty round.

Decay nor age there nothing knows ;
 There is continual youth :
 As Time on plant or creature grows,
 So still their strength renew'th.

The Poets' Paradise is this,
 To which but few can come ;

The Muses' only bower of bliss,
 Their dear *Elizium*.

Here happy souls (their blessed bowers
 Free from the rude resort
 Of beastly people) speed the hours
 In harmless mirth and sport.

Then on to the *Elizian* plains
 Apollo doth invite you,
 Where he provides with pastoral strains
 In nymphs to delight you.

From "The Muses *Elizium*."



Christopher Marlowe

(1564-1593)

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.



Sir Walter Raleigh

after the painting by Zuccherò

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delights each May morning ;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

From "England's Helicon."



Sir Walter Raleigh

(1552-1618)

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb ;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

From "England's Helicon."

William Shakespeare .

(1564-1616)

Spring

When daisies pied and violets blue
 And lady-smocks all silver-white
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 “Cuckoo ;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo” : O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 “Cuckoo ;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo” ; O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

From “Love's Labour's Lost.”

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit ;
 To-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit ;
 To-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

From "Love's Labour's Lost."

Thou Spotted Snakes with double Tongue

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs be not seen ;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
 Come not near our fairy-queen :
 Philomel with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here :
 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence !
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

From "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The Ousel-cock, so Black of Hue

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
 With orange-tawny bill,
 The throstle with his note so true,
 The wren with little quill ;
 The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
 The plain-song cuckoo gray,
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,
 And dares not answer nay.

From "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Hark ! hark ! The Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, arise.

From "Cymbeline."

Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

From "As You Like It."

Anonpmous

(Circa 1600)

Phillida Flouts Me

Oh ! what a plague is love,
 How shall I bear it ?
 She will unconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it.
 It so torments my mind,
 That my strength faileth.
 She wavers with the wind,
 As the ship saileth.
 Please her the best you may,
 She looks another way.
 Alas and well-a-day !
 Phillida flouts me.

At the fair yesterday,
 She did pass me by ;
 She look'd another way,
 And would not spy me.
 I woo'd her for to dine,
 I could not get her.
 Dick had her to the wine,
 He might entreat her.

With Daniel she did dance,
On me she would not glance.
Oh thrice unhappy chance !
 Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me.
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet, entertain me.
She'll give me when she dies,
All things that's fitting,
Her poultry and her bees
And her geese sitting ;
A pair of mallard's beds,
A barrel full of shreds :
And yet for all this guedes,
 Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream,
All the year lasting ;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting ;
Whig and whey till thou burst,
And bramble berries,
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,
Pears, plums and cherries.

Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of the weevil's skin ;
All is not worth a pin,
 Phillida flouts me.

Cupid hath shot his dart,
And hath me wounded ;
It prick'd my tender heart
And ne'er rebounded.
I was a fool to scorn
His bow and quiver ;
I am like one forlorn,
Sick of a fever.
Now I may weep and mourn,
Whilst with Love's flames I burn ;
Nothing will serve my turn ;
 Phillida flouts me.

I am a lively lad,
Howe'er she take me ;
I am not half so bad,
As she would make me.
Whether she smile or frown,
She may deceive me.
Ne'er girl in the town,
But fain would have me.

Since she doth from me fly,
 Now I may sigh and die,
 And never cease to cry
 Phillida flouts me.

In the last month of May
 I made her posies ;
 I heard her often say
 That she loved roses.
 Cowslips and gilliflowers
 And the white lily,
 I brought to deck the bowers
 For my sweet Philly.
 But she did all disdain,
 And threw them back again ;
 Therefore it's flat and plain
 Phillida flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
 And in time take me :
 I can have those as fair
 If you forsake me.
 For Doll the dairy-maid
 Laugh'd at me lately,
 And wanton Winifred
 Favours me greatly.

One cast milk on my clothes,
 T'other play'd with my nose ;
 What wanton toys are those ?
 Phillida flouts me.

I cannot work and sleep
 All at a season ;
 Grief wounds my heart so deep,
 Without all reason
 I fade and pine away,
 With grief and sorrow ;
 I fall quite to decay
 Like any shadow ;
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand year ;
 All is for grief and care ;
 Phillida flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine
 Wrought with good Coventry,
 Which she keeps for a sign
 Of my fidelity.
 But i' faith, if she frown,
 She shall not wear it ;
 I'll give it Doll my maid,
 And she shall tear it.

Since 't will no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently ;
 Yet all the world may see
 Phillida flouts me.

From a broadsheet, of about 1600,
 in the Roxburghe Collection.



Thomas Nashe

(1567-1600)

Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and May make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit
 In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
 Spring, the sweet Spring !

From "Summer's Last Will and Testament."

Fading Summer

Fair summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore,
So fair a summer look for nevermore :

All good things vanish less than in a day,

Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.

Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,

The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,

Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed ?

O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source,

Streams, turn to tears your tributary course.

Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,

The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

From "Summer's Last Will and Testament."



Thomas Campion

(? -1619)

Jack and Joan, they Think no Ill

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,

But loving live, and merry still ;

Do their week-days' work, and pray

Devoutly on the holy day :

Skip and trip it on the green,
 And help to choose the Summer Queen ;
 Lash out at a country feast
 Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
 And tell at large a winter tale ;
 Climb up to the apple loft,
 And turn the crabs till they be soft.
 Tib is all the father's joy,
 And little Tom the mother's boy.
 All their pleasure is Content ;
 And Care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
 And deck her windows with green boughs ;
 She can wreaths and tutties* make
 And trim with plums a bridal cake.
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss ;
 And his long flail can stoutly toss :
 Makes the hedge which others break,
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
 That study only strange delights ;
 Though you scorn the homespun grey

* nosegays.

And revel in your rich array ;
 Though your tongues dissemble deep,
 And can your heads from danger keep ;
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,
 Securer lives the silly swain.

From "Two Books of Airs."

The Charm

Thrice toss those oaken ashes in the air,
 And thrice three times tie-up this true-love's knot ;
 Thrice sit you down in this enchanted chair,
 And murmur soft "She will or she will not."
 Go burn these poisoned weeds in that blue fire,
 This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
 These screech owl's feathers, and this prickling briar,
 That all thy thorny cares an end may have.
 Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round :
 Dance in a circle, let my love be center :
 Melodiously breathe out an enchanted sound,
 Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter.
 In vain are all the charms I can devise ;
 She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

Thomas Weelkes

Summer

Cold Winter's ice is fled and gone,
 And Summer brags on every tree,
 The red-breast peeps amidst the throng
 Of wood-born birds that wanton be :
 Each one forgets what they have been,
 And so doth Phyllis, Summer's queen.

From " Madrigals of Five and Six Parts."



John Reynolds

A Nosegay

Say, crimson Rose and dainty Daffodil,
 With Violet blue ;
 Since you have seen the beauty of my saint,
 And eke her view ;
 Did not her sight (fair sight!) you lonely fill,
 With sweet delight
 Of goddess' grace and angels' sacred teint
 In fine, most bright ?

Say, golden Primrose, sanguine Cowslip fair,
 With Pink most fine ;
 Since you beheld the visage of my dear,
 And eyes divine ;
 Did not her globy front, and glistening hair,
 With cheeks most sweet,
 So gloriously like damask flowers appear
 The gods to greet ?

Say, snow-white Lily, speckled Gillyflower
 With Daisy gay ;
 Since you have viewed the Queen of my desire,
 In her array ;
 Did not her ivory paps, fair Venus' bower,
 With heavenly glee,
 A Juno's grace, conjure you to require
 Her face to see ?

Say Rose, say Daffodil, and Violet blue,
 With Primrose fair,
 Since ye have seen my nymph's sweet dainty face
 And gesture rare,
 Did not (bright Cowslip, blooming Pink) her view
 (White Lily) shine —
 (Ah, Gillyflower, ah Daisy !) with a grace
 Like stars divine ?

Sir Henry Wotton

(1567-1639)

On a Bank as I sat a-fishing

And now all nature seem'd in love ;
 The lusty sap began to move ;
 New juice did stir th' embracing vines,
 And birds had drawn their valentines ;
 The jealous trout, that low did lie,
 Rose at a well-dissembled fly.
 There stood my friend, with patient skill,
 Attending of his trembling quill.
 Already were the eaves possess'd
 With the swift pilgrim's daubèd nest:
 The groves already did rejoice
 In Philomel's triumphing voice.
 The showers were short, the weather mild,
 The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
 Joan takes her neat-rubb'd pail, and now
 She trips to milk the sand-red cow ;
 Where, for some sturdy football swain,
 Joan strokes a sillabub or twain.
 The fields and gardens were beset
 With tulip, crocus, violet ;

And now, though late, the modest rose
 Did more than half a blush disclose.
 Thus all look'd gay, all full of cheer,
 To welcome the new-liveried year.



Thomas Middleton

(1570?–1627)

Simplicity

Happy times we live to see,
 Whose master is Simplicity :
 This is the age when blessings flow,
 In joy we reap, in peace we sow ;
 We do good deeds without delay,
 We promise and we keep our day ;
 We love for virtue, not for wealth,
 We drink no healths but all for health ;
 We sing, we dance, we pipe, we play,
 Our work's continual holiday ;
 We live in poor contented sort,
 Yet neither beg nor come to court.

From "The World tost at Tennis."

Thomas Vauter

Tuwahoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwahoo-o-o

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
 With feathers like a lady bright,
 Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
 Te whit, te whoo !
 Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
 With shrill command the mouse controls,
 And sings a dirge for dying souls,
 Te whit, te whoo !

From "Songs of Divers Airs and Natures."



Ben Jonson

(1575-1637)

Hymn to Pan

1st Nymph.

Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan,
 That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,
 And on the pipe more airs than Phœbus can.

Chorus.

Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

2nd Nymph.

Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan,
 That leads the Naiads and the Dryads forth;
 And to their dances more than Hermes can.

Chorus.

Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.

3rd Nymph.

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
 That drives the hart to seek unused ways,
 And in the chase more than Silvanus can.

Chorus.

Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

2nd Nymph.

Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan,
 That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth
 To better pastures than great Pales can.

Chorus.

Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth;
 And while his powers and praises thus we sing,
 The valleys let rebound and all the rivers ring.

From "Pan's Anniversary."

Hymn to Diana

Queen and Huntress, Chaste and Fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close :
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
 And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

From "Cynthia's Revels."

James Mabbe

Waiting

You birds whose warblings prove
 Aurora draweth near,
 Go fly and tell my Love
 That I expect him here.
 The night doth posting move,
 Yet comes he not again :
 God grant some other love
 Do not my Love detain.

From "Celestina."

Thomas Dekker

(1570-1641)

O Sweet Content

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
 O punishment !
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?

O sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?

O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

From "The Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissell."

Country Glee

Haymakers, rakers, reapers and mowers,

Wait on your summer-queen ;

Dress up in musk-rose her eglantine bowers,

Daffodils strew the green ;

Sing, dance and play,

'Tis holiday ;

The sun does bravely shine

On our ears of corn.

Rich as a pearl
 Comes every girl :
 This is mine ! this is mine ! this is mine !
 Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the sun, to our queen, and that fair one
 Come to behold our sports :
 Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
 As those in princes' courts.
 These and we
 With country glee,
 Will teach the woods to resound,
 And the hills with echo's holloa :
 Skipping lambs
 Their bleating dams,
 'Mongst kids shall trip it round ;
 For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
 Hounds make a lusty cry ;
 Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
 Then let your brave hawks fly.
 Horses amain,
 Over ridge, over plain,
 The dogs have the stag in chase :
 'Tis a sport to content a king.

So ho ho ! through the skies
 How the proud bird flies,
 And sousing kills with a grace !
 Now the deer falls ; hark, how they sing !

From "The Sun's Darling."



Thomas Heywood

(? -1636)

Good-Morrow

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow ;
 Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good-morrow,
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast,
 Sing birds in every furrow ;

And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
 Sing my fair love good-morrow ;
 To give my love good-morrow
 Sing birds in every furrow.

From "The Rape of Lucrece.



John Fletcher

(1564-1616)

Hymn to Pan

All ye woods, and trees and bowers,
 All you vertues and ye powers
 That inhabit in the lakes,
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,
 Move your feet
 To our sound,
 Whilest we greet
 All this ground,
 With his honour and his name
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
 He is ever good, and must
 Thus be honour'd : Daffadillies,
 Roses, Pinks, and lovèd Lillies,
 Let us fling,
 Whilest we sing,
 Ever holy,
 Ever holy,
 Ever honour'd, ever young,
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.



From "The Faithful Shepherdess."

See, the Day begins to Break

See, the day begins to break,
 And the light shoots like a streak
 Of subtil fire, the wind blows cold,
 Whilst the morning doth unfold ;
 Now the birds begin to rouse,
 And the Squirril from the boughs
 Leaps to get him nuts and fruit ;
 The early Lark that erst was mute,
 Carrols to the rising day
 Many a note and many a lay.

From "The Faithful Shepherdess."

Shepherds all, and Maidens fair

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the Air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is :
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground,
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps, and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o're the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom ;
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your Dogs lye loose without,
Lest the Wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day
Bear a Lamb or kid away,
Or the crafty theevish Fox,
Break upon your simple flocks :

To secure your selves from these,
 Be not too secure in ease ;
 Let one eye his watches keep,
 Whilst the t'other eye doth sleep ;
 So you shall good shepherds prove,
 And for ever hold the love
 Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
 And soft silence fall in numbers
 On your eye-lids : so farewell,
 Thus I end my evenings knel.

From "The Faithful Shepherdess."

Sing his Praises that doth keep

Sing his praises that doth keep
 Our flocks from harm,
 Pan the Father of our sheep,
 And arm in arm
 Tread we softly in a round,
 Whilest the hollow neighbouring ground
 Fills the Musick with her sound.

Pan, O great God Pan, to thee
 Thus do we sing :
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
 As the young spring,

Ever be thy honour spoke,
 From that place the morn is broke
 To that place Day doth unyoke.

From "The Faithful Shepherd"

Now the Lusty Spring is seen

Now the lusty Spring is seen,
 Golden yellow, gaudy Blew,
 Daintily invite the view.
 Every where, on every Green,
 Roses blushing as they blow,
 And inticing men to pull,
 Lillies whiter than the snow,
 Woodbines of sweet hony full.
 All Love's Emblems and all cry,
 "Ladys, if not pluckt we dye."

Yet the lusty Spring hath staid,
 Blushing red and purest white,
 Daintily to love invite,
 Every Woman, every Maid,
 Cherries kissing as they grow ;
 And inviting men to taste,

Apples even ripe below,
 Winding gently to the waste :
 All Love's Emblems and all cry,
 "Ladys, if not pluckt we dye."

From "The Tragedy of Valentinian."

The May-Lord's Song

Rejoyce, O English hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce O Lovers
 dear ;
 Rejoyce O City, Town, and Countrey, rejoyce eke
 every Shire ;
 For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in
 seemly sort,
 The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambs do make
 fine sport,
 And now the Burchin tree doth bud that makes the
 Schoolboy cry,
 The Morrice rings while Hobby horse doth foot it
 featuously :
 And Lords and Ladies now abroad for their disport
 and play,
 Do kiss sometimes upon the Grass, and sometimes in
 the Hay.

Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge the
 blood,
 Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.
 Now little fish, on tender stone, begin to cast their
 bellies,
 And sluggish snails, that erst were mute, do creep out
 of their shellies,
 The rumbling Rivers now do warm for little boys to
 paddle,
 The sturdy steed now goes to grass, and up they hang
 his saddle.
 The heavy Hart, the blowing Buck, the Rascall and
 the Pricket,
 Are now among the Yeoman's Pease, and leave the
 fearful thicket.

From "Knight of the Burning Pestle."

Roses, their sharp Spines being gone

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hew,
 Maiden-Pinks, of odour faint,
 Daizies smell less, yet most quaint
 And sweet Time true.

Primrose first born child of Ver,
 Merry Springtime's Harbinger,
 With her bells dimm.
 Oxlips in their Cradles growing,
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Lark-heels trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet,
 Lie fore Bride and Bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sence.
 Not an angel of the Air,
 Bird melodious, or Bird fair,
 Is absent hence.

The Crow, the slanderous Cuckooe, nor
 The boading Raven, nor Chough hor
 Nor chatt'ring Pie,
 May on our Bridehouse pearch or sing
 Or with them any discord bring
 But from it fly.

From "The Two Noble Kinsmen."

John Webster

Dirge

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funeral dole

The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
 And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

From "Vittoria Corombona."



William Drummond

(1585-1649)

The Praise of a Solitary Life

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
 Thou solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love.
 O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,

Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful, evil do approve !
 O how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
 How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights :
 Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

To a Nightingale

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
 Of winters past or coming, void of care,
 Well pleasèd with delights which present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs :
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
 A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
 (Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
 Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
 To airs of spheres, yes, and to angel's lays.

Spring

Sweet Spring, thou 'turn'st with all thy goodly tra
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'
 Thou 'turn'st, sweet youth, but ah ! my pleasant ho
 And happy days with thee come not again ;
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sour.
 Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ;
 But she, whose breath embalmed thy wholesome ai
 Is gone ; nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.
 Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
 While thine, forgot, lie closèd in a tomb.



Thomas Goffe

Sylvia's Bower

Come, shepherds, come, impale your brows
 With garlands of the choicest flowers
 The time allows ;
 Come, nymphs, decked in your dangling hair,

And unto Sylvia's shady bower
 With haste repair ;
 Where you shall see chaste turtles play,
 And nightingales make lasting May,
 As if old Time his useful mind
 To one delighted season had confined.

From "The Careless Shepherdess."



Thomas Forde

The Busy Man is Free

Fond Love, no more
 Will I adore
 Thy feignèd deity ;
 Go throw thy darts
 At simple hearts,
 And prove thy victory.

Whilst I do keep
 My harmless sheep,
 Love hath no power on me :
 'Tis idle souls
 Which he controls
 The busy man is free.

From "Love's Labyrinth."

George Wither

(1588-1667)

Adieu, Fair Shepherdesses

Adieu,

Fair Shepherdesses :

Let garlands of sad yew

Adorn your dainty golden tresses.

I, that loved you, and often with my quill

Made music that delighted fountain, grove, and hill :

I, whom you loved so, and with a sweet and chaste embrace,
(Yea, with a thousand rarer favours) would vouchsafe to grace.

I now must leave you all alone, of love to 'plain ;

And never pipe, nor never sing again.

I must for evermore be gone,

And therefore bid I you,

And every one

Adieu.

The Hills of Arlesford

The pleasant way, as up those hills you climb,

Is strewed o'er with marjoram and thyme,

Which grows unset. The hedgerows do not want

The cowslip, violet, primrose, nor a plant

That freshly scents, as birch both green and tall ;

Low sallows, on whose bloomings bees do fall ;

Fair woodbines, which about the hedges twine ;
 Smooth privet, and the sharp, sweet eglantine ;
 With many moe, whose leaves and blossoms fair
 The earth adorn, and oft perfume the air.

When you unto the highest do attain,
 An intermixture both of wood and plain
 You shall behold, which, though aloft it lie,
 Hath downs for sheep and fields for husbandry.
 So much, at least, as little needeth more,
 If not enough to merchandise their store.

In every row hath Nature planted there
 Some banquet for the hungry passenger.
 For here the hazel-nut and filbert grows ;
 There bulloes, and a little further sloes ;
 On this hand standeth a fair wilding-tree ;
 On that large thickets of black cherries be.
 The shrubby fields are raspice-orchards there,
 The new-fell'd woods like strawberry-gardens are :
 And had the king of rivers blest those hills
 With some small number of such pretty rills
 As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not seen
 A sweeter plot of earth than this had been.

From " Fair Virtue, or The Mistress of Philarete."

The Nymph's Song

Gentle swain, good speed befall thee,
 And in love still prosper thou,
 Future times shall happy call thee,
 Though thou lie neglected now.

Virtue's lovers shall commend thee,
 And perpetual fame attend thee.

Happy are those woody mountains
 In whose shadows thou dost hide,
 And as happy are those fountains
 By whose murmurs thou dost bide ;
 For contents are there excelling
 More than in a prince's dwelling.

These thy flocks do clothing bring thee,
 And thy food out of the fields ;
 Pretty songs the birds do sing thee ;
 Sweet perfumes the meadow yields ;
 And, what more is worth the seeing,
 Heaven and earth thy prospect being ?

None comes hither who denies thee
 Thy contentments for despite,
 Neither any that envies thee
 That wherein thou dost delight ;

But all happy things are meant thee,
And whatever may content thee.

Thy affection reason measures,
And distempers none it feeds ;
Still so harmless are thy pleasures,
That no other's grief it breeds ;
And if night beget thee sorrow,
Seldom stays it till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
Seek contentment in their store,
Since they may perceive so plainly
Thou art rich in being poor ?
And that they are vexed about it,
Whilst thou merry art without it.

From "Fair Virtue, or The Mistress of Philarete."



William Browne

(1590-1650?)

Down in a Valley, by a Forest's Side
Down in a valley, by a forest's side,
Near where the crystal Thames rolls on her waves,
I saw a mushroom stand in haughty pride,

As if the lilies grew to be his slaves ;
 The gentle daisy, with her silver crown,
 Worn in the breast of many a shepherd's lass,
 The humble violet, that lowly down
 Salutes the gay nymphs as they trimly pass :
 Those, with a many more, methought complained
 That Nature should those needless things produce,
 Which not alone the sun from others gained,
 But turn it wholly to their proper use :
 I could not choose but grieve that Nature made
 So glorious flowers to live in such a shade.

An Invitation

Roget, droop not, see, the Spring
 Is the earth enamelling,
 And the birds on every tree
 Greet this morn with melody :
 Hark, how yonder throstle chants it,
 And her mate as proudly vaunts it ;
 See how every stream is dress'd
 By her margin with the best
 Of Flora's gifts ; she seemèd glad
 For such brooks such flowers she had.
 All the trees are quaintly tired
 With green buds, of all desired ;

And the hawthorne every day
 Spreads some little show of May.
 See, the primrose sweetly set
 By the much-loved violet
 All the banks do sweetly cover,
 As they would invite a lover,
 With his lass, to see their dressing,
 And to grace them by their pressing.
 Yet in all this merry tide,
 When all cares are laid aside,
 Roget sits as if his blood
 Had not felt the quickening good
 Of the sun, nor cares to play,
 Or with songs to pass the day,
 As he wont. Fie, Roget, fie!
 Raise thy head, and merrily
 Tune is somewhat to thy reed.
 See, our flocks do freshly feed:
 Here we may together sit,
 And for music very fit
 Is this place; from yonder wood
 Comes an echo shrill and good,
 Twice full perfectly it will
 Answer to thine oaten quill.
 Roget, droop not then, but sing
 Some kind welcome to the Spring.

From "The Shepherd's Pipe."

A Round

Now that the Spring hath fill'd our veins
 With kind and active fire,
 And made green liv'ries for the plains,
 And every grove a quire :

Sing we a song of merry glee,
 And Bacchus fill the bowl.
 Then here's to thee ; — And thou to me
 And every thirsty soul.

Nor Care nor Sorrow e'er paid debt,
 Nor never shall do mine ;
 I have no cradle going yet,
 Not I, by this good wine.

No wife at home to send for me,
 No hogs are in my ground,
 No suit in law to pay a fee,
 Then round, old Jocky, round.

Chorus

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
 But see that no man 'scape
 To drink of the sherry,
 That makes us so merry,
 And plump as the lusty grape.

Robert Herrick

(1591-1634)

The Argument of His Book

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
 Of April, May, of June and July flowers
 I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
 Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes ;
 I write of youth, of love, and have access
 By these to sing of cleanly wantonness ;
 I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
 Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris ;
 I sing of times transshifting, and I write
 How roses first came red and lilies white ;
 I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
 The Court of Mab, and of the fairy king ;
 I write of Hell ; I sing (and ever shall)
 Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

His Content in the Country

Here, here I live with what my board
 Can with the smallest cost afford.
 Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
 They well content my Prue and me.

Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
 Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
 Here we rejoice, because no rent
 We pay for our poor tenement,
 Wherein we rest, and never fear
 The landlord, or the usurer.
 The quarter-day does ne'er affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night.
 We eat our own, and batten more
 Because we feed on no man's score:
 But pity those whose flanks grow great,
 Swell'd with the lard of others' meat.
 We bless our fortunes when we see
 Our own beloved privacy,
 And like our living, where we're known
 To very few, or else to none.

Corinna's Going a-Maying

Get up, get up for shame ; the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air.
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.
 Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the East

Above an hour since : yet you not dress'd ;
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
 When all the birds have matins said
 And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
 - Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the springtime, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair.
 Fear not ; the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you.
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some Orient pearls unwept ;
 Come and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying ;
 Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green and trimm'd with trees. See how

Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch. Each porch, each door ere this
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields and we not see 't?
 Come we 'll abroad ; and let 's obey
 The proclamation made for May,
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
 But, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

There 's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn laden, home.
 Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream ;
 And some have wept, and woo'ed, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.
 Many a green-gown has been given,
 Many a kiss, both odd and even ;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks pick'd, yet we 're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
 And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun ;
 And as a vapor or a drop of rain,
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
 Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

His Grange, or Private Wealth

 Though clock
 To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
 A cock
 I have to sing how day draws on.
 I have
 A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent,
 To save
 That little Fates me gave or lent.

A hen

I keep, which, creaking day by day,

Tells when

She goes her long white egg to lay.

A goose

I have, which, with a jealous ear,

Lets loose

Her tongue to tell what danger 's near.

A lamb

I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,

Whose dam

An orphan left him, lately dead.

A cat

I keep, that plays about my house,

Grown fat

With eating many a mincing mouse ;

To these

A Tracy I do keep, whereby

I please

The more my rural privacy :

Which are

But toys, to give my heart some ease.

Where care

None is, slight things do lightly please.

The Succession of the Four Sweet Months

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers ;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array ;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before ;
Then (lastly) July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

To Phyllis, to Love and Live with him

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee ;
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed and bless thy board.
The soft, sweet moss shall be thy bed
With crawling woodbine overspread ;
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down.

The tongues of kids shall be thy meat,
 Their milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat
 The paste of filberts for thy bread,
 With cream of cowslips buttered ;
 Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
 With daisies spread and daffodils,
 Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by,
 For meat, shall give thee melody.
 I'll give thee chains and carcanets
 Of primroses and violets.
 A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
 That richly wrought, and this as brave ;
 So that as either shall express
 The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
 At shearing-times, and yearly wakes,
 When Themilis his pastime makes,
 There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
 Nay, more, the feast, and grace of it.
 On holidays, when virgins meet
 To dance the heyas with nimble feet,
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
 The queen of roses for that year ;
 And having danc'd, 'bove all the best,
 Carry the garland from the rest.
 In wicker baskets maids shall bring
 To thee, my dearest shepherdling,

The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shamefac'd plum, all simp'ring there.
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phyllis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree ;
Where kissing that, I 'll twice kiss thee.
To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
Be-prank'd with ribands to this end ;
This, this alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep than me.
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spicèd wine,
To make thy maids and self free mirth,
All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth.
Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
Of winning colours, that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love.
These, nay, and more, thine own shall be
If thou wilt love and live with me.

Oberon's Feast

A little mushroom table spread,
After short prayers, they set on bread ;
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit to eat
His choice bits with ; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear was sterv'd ;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
And now we must imagine, first,
The elves present, to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet ; which done
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery butterflies :
Of which he eats, and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.
A little fuzz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,

That was too coarse ; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugar'd rush, and eats the sag
And well-bestrutted bee's sweet bag,
Gladdening his pallet with some store
Of emmets' eggs ; what would he more ?
But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,
A bloated earwig and a fly ;
With the red-capp'd worm that 's shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth. A little moth
Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth ;
With withered cherries, mandrakes' ears,
Moles' eyes ; to these the slain stag's tears,
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music ; with a wine
Ne'er ravished from the flattering vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ; this done, commended
Grace by his priest ; the feast is ended.

To Meadows

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled with flowers ;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You 've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round ;
Each virgin, like a spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here,
Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You 're left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone.

Francis Quarles

(1592-1664)

How Blest are They!

How blest are they that waste their weary hours
In solemn groves and solitary bowers,
Where neither eye nor ear
Can see or hear
The frantic mirth
And false delights of frolic earth ;
Where they may sit and pant,
And breathe their pursy souls ;
Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want
Afflicts, nor sullen care controls !
Away, false joys ! ye murder where ye kiss ;
There is no heaven to that, no life to this.

From "The Virgin Widow."

Henry King, Bishop of Chichester

(1591-1669)

A Contemplation upon Flowers

Brave flowers — that I could gallant it like you,

And be as little vain !

You come abroad and make a harmless show,

And to your beds of earth again.

You are not proud : you know your birth :

For your embroider'd garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I

Would have it ever Spring :

My fate would know no Winter, never die,

Nor think of such a thing.

O that I could my bed of earth but view

And smile, and look as cheerfully as you !

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,

But rather to take truce !

How often have I seen you at a bier,

And there look fresh and spruce !

You fragrant flowers ! then teach me, that my breath,

Like yours, may sweeten and perfume my death.

James Shirley

(1594-1666)

Pan's Holiday

Woodmen, shepherds, come away,
 This is Pan's great holiday ;
 Throw off cares ;
 With your heaven-aspiring airs
 Help us sing,
 While valleys with your echoes ring.

Nymphs that dwell within these groves
 Leave your arbours, bring your loves ;
 Gather posies,
 Crown your golden hair with roses ;
 As you pass,
 Foot like fairies on the grass.

Joy crown our bowers ! Philomel
 Leave of Tereus' rape to tell.
 Let trees dance,
 As they at Thracian lyre did once ;
 Mountains play,
 This is the shepherd's holiday.

From "The School of Compliments."

Thomas Randolph

(1603-1634)

**An Ode to Master Anthony Stafford
to hasten him into the Country**

Come, spur away,
 I have no patience for a longer stay.
 But must go down,
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
 I will the country see,
 Where old simplicity,
 Though hid in grey,
 Doth look more gay
 Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
 Farewell, you city wits, that are
 Almost at civil war;
 'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows
 mad.

More of my days
 I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
 Or to make sport
 For some slight puisne of the Inns-of-Court.
 Then, worthy Stafford, say,
 How shall we spend the day?

With what delights
 Shorten the nights?
 When from this tumult we have got secure,
 Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
 Yet shall no finger lose;
 Where every word is thought, and every thought is
 pure.

There from the tree
 We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry.
 And every day
 Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
 Whose brown hath lovelier grace
 Than any painted face,
 That I do know
 Hyde Park can show.
 Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
 (Though some of them in greater state
 Might court my love with plate)
 The beauties of the Cheap, the wives of Lombard
 Street.

But think upon
 Some other pleasures: these to me are none.
 Why do I prate
 Of women, that are things against my fate?

I never mean to wed
 That torture to my bed.
 My muse is she
 My love shall be.

Let clowns get wealth and heirs ; when I am gone,
 And the great bugbear, grisly death,
 Shall take this idle breath,
 If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more ;
 We 'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.
 No fruit shall 'scape
 Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
 Then (full) we 'll seek a shade,
 And hear what music 's made ;
 How Philomel
 Her tale doth tell,
 And how the other birds do fill the quire :
 The thrush and blackbird lend their throats
 Warbling melodious notes
 We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky
 Whereat what fowl we please our hawk shall fly :
 Nor will we spare
 To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare ;

But let our hounds run loose
 In any ground they 'll choose,
 The buck shall fall,
 The stag, and all :
 Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
 For to my muse, if not to me,
 I 'm sure all game is free :
 Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
 To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
 And drink by stealth
 A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
 I 'll take my pipe and try
 The Phrygian melody ;
 Which he that hears,
 Lets through his ears
 A madness to distemper all the brain.
 Then I another pipe will take
 And Doric music make,
 To civilise with graver notes our wits again.

An Eclogue to Master Jonson

Hark how the nightingale in yonder tree,
 Hid in the boughs, warbles melodiously
 Her various music forth, while the whole quire
 Of other birds flock round, and all admire !
 But who rewards her ? Will the ravenous kite
 Part with her prey to pay for her delight ?
 Or will the foolish, painted, prattling jay
 (Now turn'd a hearer) to requite her play
 Lend her a straw ? or any of the rest
 Fetch her a feather when she builds her nest ?
 Yet sings she ne'er the less, till every den
 Do catch at her last notes.



John Milton

(1608-1674)

On a Nightingale

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray,
 Warbl'st at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May ;
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,

First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love. Or, if Jove's will
 Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom, in som grave ny ;
 As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why ;
 Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Ore the Smooth Enamel'd Green

Ore the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me, as I sing
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof,
 Follow me.
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendour as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

From "Arcades."

Nymphs and Shepherds, Dance no More

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's lillied banks ;
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
 A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony Mænalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us ;
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place.
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

From "Arcades."

Return, Sicilian Muse

. Return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flouerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the milde whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe and pale gessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansie freakt with jeat,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.

From "Lycidas."



Sir Richard Fanshawe

(1608-1666)

There shall you hear the Nightingale

There shall you hear the nightingale

(The harmless syren of the wood)

How prettily she tells a tale

Of rape and blood.

The lyric lark, with all beside
Of Nature's feather'd quire : and all
The commonwealth of flowers in 'ts pride
Behold you shall.

The Lily, Queen, the royal Rose,
The Gillyflower, Prince of the Blood,
The courtier Tulip, gay in clothes
The regal bud.

The Violet, purple senator,
How they do mock the pomp of state ;
And all that at the surly door
Of great ones wait.

Plant trees you may, and see them shoot
Up with your children, to be served
To your clean boards, and the fair'st fruit
To be preserved :

And learn to use their several gums,
'Tis innocence in the sweet blood
Of cherry, apricots and plums
To be imbru'd.

A Happy Life

Out of Martial. (Lib. 10. Epigr. 47.)

The things that make a life to please
(Sweetest Martial) they are these :
Estate inherited, not got :
A thankful field, hearth always hot :
City seldom, law-suits never :
Equal friends agreeing ever :
Health of body, peace of mind :
Sleeps that till the morning bind :
Wise simplicity, plain fare :
Not drunken nights, yet loos'd from care :
A sober, not a sullen spouse :
Clean strength, not such as his that ploughs :
With only what thou art, to be ;
Death neither wish, nor fear to see.



Abraham Cowley

(1618-1667)

The Wish

Well, then ; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.

And they (methinks) deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and Buz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah ! yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden have !
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !

And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
A Mistress moderately fair,
And good as Guardian-Angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me !

Oh Fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts espy ?



Abraham Cowley

From the engraving by W. P. Sherlock
after the painting by Sir Peter Lely

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

Oh Fields ! oh Woods ! when, when shall I be
made

The happy tenant of your shade ?
Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and Ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear ;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.

The Gods, when they descended hither
From Heav'n, did always choose their way ;
And therefore we may boldly say,
This 'tis the way to thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear She live, and embracing die !
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts Solitude ;

I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And make a City here.

From "The Mistress."

A Vote

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone :
Th' unknown are better than ill-known ;

Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light ;
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night :
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them : I have lived to-day.

Andrew Marvell

(1621-1678)

The Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, the bays ;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow ;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :

Little, alas ! they know or heed,
 How far these beauties her's exceed !
 Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your bark I wound
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
 Love hither makes his best retreat.
 The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
 Still in a tree did end their race ;
 Apollo hunted Daphne so,
 Only that she might laurel grow ;
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
 Ripe apples drop about my head ;
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
 The nectarine and curious peach,
 Into my hands themselves do reach ;
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness ;
 The mind, that ocean where each kind
 Does straight its own resemblance find ;

Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds, and other seas,
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside,
 My soul into the boughs does glide :
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets and combs its silver wings,
 And, till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
 While man there walked without a mate :
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet !
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there :
 Two paradises 'twere in one,
 To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
 Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new ;
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run,

And, as it works, the industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we !
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

The Mower to the Glow-worms

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
 The nightingale does sit so late,
 And studying all the summer night,
 Her matchless songs does meditate ;

Ye country comets, that portend
 No war nor prince's funeral,
 Shining unto no higher end
 Than to presage the grass's fall ;

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
 To wandering mowers shows the way,
 That in the night have lost their aim,
 And after foolish fires do stray ;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
 Since JULIANA here is come,
 For she my mind hath so displaced,
 That I shall never find my home.

Clorinda and Damon

Clorinda. Damon, come drive thy flocks this way.

Damon. No : 'tis too late they went astray.

Clorinda. I have a grassy scutcheon spied,
Where Flora blazons all her pride ;
The grass I aim to feast thy sheep,
The flowers I for thy temples keep.

Damon. Grass withers, and the flowers too fade.

Clorinda. Seize the short joys then, ere they vade.
Seest thou that unfrequented cave?

Damon. That den?

Clorinda. Love's shrine.

Damon. But virtue's grave.

Clorinda. In whose cool bosom we may lie,
Safe from the sun.

Damon. Not Heaven's eye.

Clorinda. Near this, a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.

Damon. Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought?

Clorinda. What is 't you mean?

Damon. These once had been enticing things,
Clorinda, pastures, caves, and springs.

Clorinda. And what late change?

Damon. The other day
Pan met me.

- Clorinda.* What did great Pan say ?
Damon. Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill ;
 But he e'er since my songs does fill,
 And his name swells my slender oat.
Clorinda. Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.
Damon. Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.
Clorinda. Who would not in Pan's praises meet ?
Chorus. Of Pan the flowery pastures sing,
 Caves echo, and the fountains ring.
 Sing then while he doth us inspire ;
 For all the world is our Pan's quire.



Henry Vaughan

(1621-1695)

Upon the Priory Grove, his usual Retirement

Hail, sacred shades ! cool, leafy house !
 Chase treasurer of all my vows
 And wealth ! on whose soft bosom laid
 My love's fair steps I first betray'd :
 Henceforth no melancholy flight,
 No sad wing, or hoarse bird of night,
 Disturb this air, no fatal throat
 Of raven, or owl, awake the note
 Of our laid echo, no voice dwell

Within these leaves, but Philomel.
 The poisonous ivy here no more
 His false twists on the oak shall score;
 Only the woodbine here may twine,
 As th' emblem of her love, and mine;
 The amorous sun shall here convey
 His best beams, in thy shades to play;
 The active air the gentlest show'rs
 Shall from his wings rain on thy flowers;
 And the moon from her dewy locks
 Shall deck thee with her brightest drops.
 Whatever can a fancy move,
 Or feed the eye, be on this grove!

And when at last the winds and tears
 Of heaven, with the consuming years,
 Shall these green curls bring to decay,
 And clothe thee in an aged grey
 — If ought a lover can foresee,
 Or if we poets prophets be —
 From hence transplanted, thou shalt stand
 A fresh grove in th' Elysian land;
 Where — most bless'd pair! — as here on earth
 Thou first didst eye our growth, and birth;
 So there again, thou 'lt see us move
 In our first innocence and love;
 And in thy shades, as now, so then,
 We 'll kiss, and smile, and walk again.

The Poet hath Lost his Pipe

I cannot pipe as I was wont to do ;
Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing, too ;
My wearied oat I 'll hang upon the tree,
And give it to the sylvan deity.

Robert Herrick.

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